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The Sky Man

By Henry Ketchell Welister, Author (With Samuel Merwin) of "Calumet K"

CHAPTER XVI. FOOTPRINTS.

had nothing to do with the n of it, so much was clear it had been cut out by hand, tently with infinite labor.

The property over it did not im to see the end of it, but it al a series of notches running up the two opposite surfaces, purpose they could serve would take possible the ascent of the

one must have made it," she and it must have been frightfully make—a tunnel right up through like that. But what in the world have made it for?" no idea," he confessed, "but it mewhere, and I mean to find out

t follow it too far," she cautioned, id only need one foot slip off one ley notches to bring about a liy ugly fall."

culdn't fall far down a tube of ameter, unless he had completely nerve, for there's always a chance to one's self. And you're to rethat I'm used to falling. No as afe up there as I would on a le.—Yes, really."

as safe up there as I would on a e.—Yes, really."
that and a nod of reassurance mbled up into the mouth of the imney. He had taken his bull's-h him, so the girl was left in the She dropped down on the heap of ins to wait for him.
had no means of measuring the not long it really was she would sen justified in feeling seriously about him, but not knowing, she would sen justified in feeling seriously about him, but not knowing, she to tedlum of sitting in the dark, thing to do. Even at that, she used the seeming duration of his dette tedlum of sitting in the dark, thing to do. Even at that, she used the seeming duration of relief when if him call out to her once more, by, albelt somewhat hollowly, from meey's mouth:

just where you left me."
All the while! You must be use. I've been gone the better t know how long it was, and I king you'd be back any minute out where in the world have you

time she asked that question groped their way back into the m and thence into the livinghe hut, and by now she was the hut, and by now she was him in the full light of day ped down, with a rather ex-tht. upon one of the bunks and atively at his thighs and shoulthrey at his thighs and shouthey were numb with fatigue by a reasonable estimate," he chimney is five miles high, ig and going and going, till I believe that there wasn't any or that, by some magic or pped down a yard as often as one. But I did get to the end of the size of the street of the str and I'll give you a thousand is to what I found there."

During Hot Weather

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d gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointent. These pure, sweet and economical

sollients afford immediate relief in the be 1st distressing forms of prickly heat, ecnas, rashes, itchings, irritations, chafings,

and bites and stings of insects.

"The observatory," she hazarded. "Oh! but not really? I did not mean that for an honest guess at all. It was just the first thing that came into my head.—But how could they pull the pllot-house of the Phoenix up through that little hole in the Ice?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't believe they did," he answered with mocking seriousness. "It's more likely that they took it to pleces, and then rigged a boom and tackle up at the clift-head and hauled it up outside. But when they got it up there they put it together again right across the fissure, and then tunnelled down, or up, the whole depth of the cliff. It must have taken them weeks to do it, and when it was done they had an inside connection between it and the hut, so that they were quite independent of the weather. And it must have been a great place to make observations from." and of our inside passage leading upon to it."

"That's quite true," he said. "I suppose it's all remantic nonsense, but it does give one a certain feeling of security. However," he went on "we're not reduced as yet to anything as intangible as that as a subject for giving thanks. You haven't seen the whole of my list yet. I've saved the best till the last."

He turned the paper over in his hand as he spoke. She did not attempt to read what he had written, but sat there beside him, her hands clasped about one knee, her eyes upon the booted foot which was poised across the other, and watted rather tensely for him to tell her.

been a great place to make observations from."

"Have been!" she echoed questioningly. Isn't it now?"

"No, because it's all snowed and frozen in. It's buried, I don't know how many feet deep by this time, and dark, of course, as a pocket. But everything inside is quite undisturbed. I doubt if a single member of the Walrus's crew ever saw it, or even suspected that such a place existed."

"I wish I'd gone with you," she said. "Do you suppose—I could have got up there?"

"Do you suppose—I could have got up there?"

"Oh, if it were a matter of necessity, yes, I could make fast a line around you, and then I could go ahead as a safeguard in case of slips. But I shouldn't advise you to try it for fun."

She acquiesced regretfully: "I suppose not, if it tired you out like that, you who are so strong and tireless. But it sounds inviting, somehow—the pilothouse of the Phoenix perched away up there on the cliff, and all buried in snow. I was there for a few minutes once the day father sailed." After a moment's silence, "you say everything was left apparently undisturbed. What is there up there?"

open in his hand.

"You didn't finish," she said. "There was something eise."

"I thought too late.—Oh! it's nothing, but it caught me—rather, and I thought I would spare you the twinge that finding it had given me. I might better have read it right out. It was a big plumpudding, in a tin, you know—Croes & Blackwell's. But there it was, waiting, I suppose, to lend some sort of an air of festivity to their next Christmas."

The girl rose from her seat beside him and going over to the window, stood for a while gazing out up the beach.

When she turned back, he saw that her eyes had dimmed a little, but the tone in which she addressed him was steady:

"Well, shall we go to look for our other cave, where the real stores are? There won't be anything heart-rending about that, at all events."

Cayley did not rise when she did, but remained, looking rather thoughtful, just where he was. The girl misinterpreted his hessitation.

"I forgot how tired you must be," she said. "Of course well."

lence, 'you say everything was left apparently undisturbed. What is there up there?'

He unbuttoned his jacket and took from an inner pocket a scrap of paper.

"Being a methodical person," he explained, "I made an inventory. It's really quite a respectable list."

She seated herself beside him on the bunk as if to read the paper.

"I imagine you will need an interpretor." he said. "I've half forgotten what these tracks mean myself. My hands were so stiff with the cold it wasn't very easy to write. But that first word is telescope. And then there are the meteorological instruments, barometers, thermometers, and so on, and the Phoenix's compass, sextant, and chronometer, a microscope, a paraffine oven and a big chunk of paraffine, an oil lamp, a fivegallon can about half full of oil, and a small stove. There was a providential treasure for me in the form of a razor, which they used, I suppose, for cutting microscopic sections with. I'm glad they hadn't a microtone to do it properly."

"You'ddn't find a comb for me did microscopic sections with. I'm glad they hadn't a microtine to do it properly."
"You didn't find a comb for me did you?" she asked. "Because, unless you did, or until you do, you won't be allowed to use the razor."
"I suppose I could make you one, or a sort of one. It would be genuine ivory, anyway."
I he had come, apparently, to the end of the list.

where he was. The girl misinterpreted his hesitation.

"I forgot how tired you must be," she said. "Of course we'll wait."

"No, that's not it. I was only thinking. I believe we could live through the winter on what we've got right here—the bear, the birds and what stores we found in the observatory. They wouldn't more than last till the winter was over, but I think with a little good economy they would do that."

"You don't mean not to try to find the other cave?"

"No. It was simply a question of making what we have got safe and shipshape first—spending as much of this fine day as is necessary getting in more wood the rest of those birds, and skinning and butchering that bear we killed last night, before we go out on an exploring expedition that may prove a wild goose chase."

"I see," she assented thoughtfully."

"I see," she assented thoughtfully.
"You mean what Tom would call playing

it safe."
"That's a fine day out there," Cayley
went on, 'but what weather-wisdom I
have gained up in this part of the world
makes me suspicious that we're about to

makes me suspicious that we're about to have a change."

The girl sighed somewhat ruefully. "You are horribly reasonable," she said. The thought of going back to yesterday's drudgery her muscles were still stiff from, instead of setting out along that sparkling beach with Cayley, in search for their Aladdin's cave, was one that took some courage to face. Nevertheless, her hesitation was only momentary.

tary.

"Aye, aye, captain," she said, holding out her hand to him. "What do you want me to do?"

He left her provided with a jack-knife he had in his pocket and the task of skinning and dressing the rest of the birds they had brought in from the talus the day before. Those he had already prepared were to be hung up with these in their cold storage cellar back of the hut.

He himself, with his sheath knife and the axe head he had discovered, fitted into the broken handle of the pick, for a cleaver, set out down the beach to flense the great bear which he had killed the night before. The bear was a colossal specimen, and this fact, together with Cayley's inexperience and lack of proper tools, made the job a long and arduous one. But it was accomplished finally and the four quarters of the huge carcass hung up in the storage cellar, while the immense white pelt, which had been scrubbed with sand and wet wood ashes from their fire-place, was stretched behind it to dry.

Jeanne had been working steadily ali

"Well," she said, "I suppose we might find something to do with aimost any one of those things; some of them will be useful, certainly. And it's pleasant, somehow, to think of our little pilot-house, all snowed in, up there on the cliff-head, and of our inside passage leading u, less, move

ne came within arms reach of ness he caught her and held her tight in his two hands.

"What is it, Philip?" she asked, searching the depth of his eyes and trying to plumb the horror she saw in them. "What happened out there?"

"Nothing—happened. But I saw something there that made me anxious for your safety... It's all right now you're safe. Nothing has happened here, has there, while I have been gone?"

"Nothing. What could have happened, Philip?—It can't be anything that you're afraid to tell me," she went on, for he had not answered her. "There can't be anything you'd be afraid to tell me now—not after yesterday."

"Oh, no: it's not so bad as that, but I saw that I had been wrong to leave you, even for that little while. You see the sight of the place brought back to my mind what you had felt there, and of the thing that you saw in the twilight."

"So I looked about, and—Jeanne, it

which was poised across the other, and waited rather tensely for him to tell her.

"It's not so very much, but it will mean an immense lot to us. What people die of in the Arctic is not so often disease or accident, or even, directly, cold or starvation. They die more often of disgust and weariness and exhaustion Your father knew that, and he set apart from his general stores some luxuries and delicacies, or things that would seem to be such to men in their plight, to be used against emergency. I'm sure that's why he took them up there and hid them away. Part of them are left. I wish he could have known to whom they were going to be of use.—There's a little cask with brandy in it, a good sized pot nearly full of beef extract, a far of dried eggs, three tins of condensed milk, a big tenpound box of Albert biscuit.—

'His voice broke off there sharply, but without the downward inflection she would have expected had he reached the end. So she looked quickly and curlously up into his face. As quickly her eyes sought the bit of paper which still lay open in his hand.

"You didn't finish," she said. "There was something eise."

'I thought too late.—Oh! it's nothing.

"So I looked about, and—Jeanne, it was no baseless terror, no product of the twilight and the fact that you were far from home. There was something there, slipping along from the shelter of one houlder to that of another. I found the tracks in the snow. They weren't more than ten paces away from you when I came down out of the sky."

"Was it the bear?" she asked. "That was what you thought it might have been, at the time." But he could see in her eyes that this was not the answer she expected. he expected. He shook his head; that told her

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BEAST.

As Roscoe fied along the beach on the night Cayley descended upon him through the fog, there was no doubt in his mind that he had seen the ghost of the man he had murdered and the shadow of a black avenging spirit hovering over his

he had murdered and the snadow or a black avenging spirit hovering over his head.

When he found that his boat had gene adrift and that his only means of getting back to the Aurora had gene with it, he dropped down upon the beach, crawled up into the lee of a great rock and had spent the night there, his mind completely torpid with fear.

When the numbness of this terror passed away, as gradually it did, he bent all his thoughts upon the Aurora and upon the possibility, not quite inconceivable, that his crew had succeeded in overpowering her people and were now in possession of the yacht. He tried to persuade himself that this was so and that with the coming of the dawn they would send a boat ashore for him.

Of the strange figure he had seen there in the hut, so like and yet so terribly unlike the victim of his murderous lust four years ago—of that, and of the more terrible apparition he had seen coming down out of the sky, he thought, or tried to think nothing at all. It was only a nightmare, only a delusion, natural enough when one considered all the circumstances.

When the fog lifted with the approach

mare, only a delusion, natural enough when one considered all the circumstances.

When the fog lifted with the approach of dawn, he discovered what Philip and Jeanne did not become aware of until several hours later, that the Aurora had drifted out to sea in the gale. The clean line of the horizon was broken by nothing but the plunging masses of the ice. There was just one chance, he thought that she might still be comparatively near at hand. Southward and eastward the horizon was unbroken, but the jutting mass of the promontory to the west cut off his view in that direction. It was possible that the gale which had destroyed the floe that formed the harbor, had also broken up the pack lee at the other side of the peninsula, the side from which Cayley, on the wing, had first approached this unknown land. The yacht might be there, riding safely in practically open water.

He got up from the snow nest he had made for himself in the lee of the rock, and cautiously flexed his stiffened muscles, with the idea of setting out at once down the beach and around the headiand to learn whether this last hope of his was groundless. Fally, in his heart, he had no hope at all, but that fact made it easy to postpone for a little longer the putting of this delusion of a hope he had to the test of reality.

The excuse he made to himself was, that he was ravenously hungry, and that his most sensible course would be to go up the glacier to the cave and cook himself a breakfast before he did anything

up the glacier to the cave and cook him-self a breakfast before he did anything

that he was ravenously hungry, and that his most sensible course would be to go up the glacler to the cave and cook himself a breakfast before he did anything else.

He was fully persuaded by that time what he had seen at the hut last night during the storm had been nothing but a hallucination. None the less, he knew that it would be easier to walk past that empty hut in full broad day, than in this tricky, misty, uncertain light of dawn.

He carried out this plan at once, to the point, that is, of going up the glacier to the cave, building a fire there and satisfying his sharp hunger with an enormous meal. But he had not slept at all the night before, and now the warmth and the satisfaction of his appetite made his nerveless hand release the bone he was gnawing, and caused him to roll over beside the fir and to fall asleep.

He slept deeply for a number of hours. Then, arming himself with a throwing-stick and a number of darts, he stepped outside the cave, intent upon his expedition to the other side of the peninsula where there was a possibility of finding the yacht.

The cave was situated some little distance up the glacier, and the shortest, though by far the more difficult, way of reaching his destination lay, not along the beach but up through the interior valley and across the precipitous coast range of hills.

It was not the natural way to go, but the fact that it was actually shorter gave hilm a sort of excuse for avoiding another visit, just now, to the scene of his discomiture of the night before. He swore at himself, not so much for taking this course as for the reasons which his common sense alleged against him.

His present route took him close to the gold ledge, and the sight of the inexhaustible, precious, useless metal that remained here brought upon him for the first time, in full force, a sense of his loss, a sense of what that luckless trip ashore from the Aurora in search of that rosewood box had cost him.

At an increased pace he descended from the glacier, crossed the valley and scaled th

bung up in the storage cellar, while the immense white pelt, which had been from their fire-place, was stretched by the pelt of the place, was stretched and the place of the place of the place, was stretched to alind it to dry.

Jeanne had been working steadily all day at the task Cayley had assigned flat and a proper at it. The immediate proper is the place of the p

nothing more serious than a nightmare, led him to decide to go home by way of the beach, rather than along the difficult interior trail up which he had come. The descent from the cliffhead to the beach was nothing to a man of his inhuman strength and activity, though an ordinarily skilled mountaineer might have hesitated before attempting it. Nevertheless, two-thirds of the way down he nearly fell—but for fuck he would have fallen, for he caught a glimpse of a lonely figure, a quarter of a mile away, perhaps, seated upon a ledge, bending forward, chin in hand, in an attitude which recalled, and horribly echoed, that of the man he long ago had murdered.

When he had steaded himself a little, he made his way cautiously down to the level of the beach. His emotions were divided about equally between fear and anger, the anger existing because of the fear.

With infinite caution he approached

level of the beach. His emotions were divided about equally between fear and anger, the anger existing because of the fear.

With infinite caution he approached that lonely, unsuspecting figure, slipping from the shelter of one rock to that of one a little nearer.

Three times his left hand drew back the throwing-stick, balanced and almed along a line that would send its thin ivory dart as swiftly and as surely to that beautiful threat as the one that had found and transfixed Perry Hunter's, and three times his muscles braced themselves for the effort to propel it. But each time, with a breathless oath, he lowered the weapon again, and with the back of his hairy hand wiped the sweat from his forehead.

The act had none of the quality of mercy in it; it was simply the result of a logical dilemma. If the thing he saw before him were a ghost, the ghost of the man he had already murdered, his dart would do no harm. If it were not a ghost, if it were what it looked more and more like as he drew nearer, a living, breathing woman—he licked his lips and wrung them with his hand—if it were a woman, he did not want to kill her. If he could be sure, could only be sure, he would drop his weapon and make one rush and hold her helpless in those great hands of his.

And with every five paces that lessened the distance between them, that certainty grew upon him. No, she was no immaterial spirit of a man long dead. She was alive; warm. He was near enough now to make out the soft curve of her throat, the retreating and returning color which bathed cheeks and forehead. He could see the faint rise and fall of her breast when she breathed. He laid the throwing-stick upon the ice, drew nerves and muscles taut for his rush.

Then, just then, he saw the thing that made Jeanne close her eyes, the flashing sword-out of that great golden wing, as the thing it bere turned upon the other. Roscoe dropped down as if he had

been blasted by the sight of a sworded archangel, in the shelter of his rock. He lay there, prone, hugging his head in his arms. He did not rouse himself did not succeed in forcing his treacherous nerves and muscles to obey his will until it was quite dark. Then, without a glance behind him, he arose and began scrambling madly up the broken face of the falus, and, reaching the top of it, went on and scaled the cliff itself. It was a feat which even he could hardly have accomplished except under the extremity of terror.

plished except under the extremely terror.

For only so long as was necessary to regain his breath, he lay panting upon the cliff-head. In the dark, rushing along as if the precipitous trail he followed had been a well-worn thoroughfare, he retraced his way down the landward side of the mountain and across the valley. He did not pause until he found himself safe in the cave again beside the glacier.

(To Be Continued.)

Hypnotism for Dementia

Special Cable to The Tribune. Special Cable to The Tribune.

BERLIN, Sept. 3.—Hypnotism is being successfully used to restore the sanity of Frau von Schonebeck Weber, the notable figure of the Allenstein garrison tragedy During her long drawn-out trial on a charge of complicity in the murder of her first husband, Major von Schonebeck, by her lover, Captain von Goben, she became demented. She has been living in a private nursing home during she became demented. She has been living in a private nursing home during the last month, and under the supervision of a leading German nerve physician, Prof. Lulenburg, she has been dally hypnotized. The result of the "suggestion," to which she has been subjected is remarkable, and the physicians state that after twelve months complete rest they have no doubt but that the formerly demented woman will be completely cured. Her present husband, Herr Weber, is a well known author, to whom she was married in London.

Suicide Club Flourishes. Special Cable to The Tribune.

Special Cable to The Tribune.

BERLIN, Sept. 3.—The German military authorities are considerably perturbed at the statement that a suicide club is in existence among the soldiers of the Nuremberg garrison. Recently a private shot himself for apparently no reason at all. His death has been followed by that of a lance corporal. The second tragedy seemed as mysterious as the first until among the dead man's effects a letter was found stating that he and the previous suicide belonged to a club, each member of which was bound by an oath to die by his own hand. A rigorous search by the military authori-

not be without them. I was troubled a great deal with torpid liver and headache. Now since taking Cascarets Candy Cathardic I feel very much better. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as the best medicine I have ever seen."

Anna Bazinet.

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ties has failed to reveal the identity of the remaining members of this society.

Married by Proxy.

Special Cable to The Tribune.

THE HAGUE. Sept. 3.—Miss Johanna Renses of Utrecht has just been married by proxy. Her bridegroom, H. Vrolyk, holds an important position in Java, and in the absence of both bride and bridegroom, the couple was represented by the fathers, and a pair of gloves were exchanged, the ceremony being completed by the signing of the parents of the requisite registers and documents. Special Cable to The Tribune

Rival of Monte Carlo. Special Cable to The Tribune

Special Cable to The Tribune.

GENOA, Sept. 3.—A serious rival to Monte Carlo is about to be set up in Switzerland. The two little islands of Brissago, on Lake Maggiore, have been purchased by an Anglo-Italian syndicate, and are to have erected upon them a large casino, with gambling rooms and a theater. A first-class hotel is also to be erected.

German Population Increases

Special Cable to The Tribune. BERLIN, Sept. 3.—While forty years ago Germany and France were equal in population with 40,000,000, official statistics now show that France has dwindled to 39,000,000, and Germany numbers 65,-000,000.

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An Expensive Pipe Lighter. Special Cable to The Tribune.

ROTTERDAM. Sept. 3.—A Rotterdam blacksmith, excited by the news that he had won \$40,000 in a lottery. It his pipe with his ticket and is now unable to prove his claim.

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